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FEBRUARY MEETING, 1921.

THE stated meeting was held on Thursday, the 10th instant, at three o'clock, P. M., the first VICE-PRESIDENT, MR. WARREN, in the chair.

The record of the last meeting was read and approved.

The Librarian reported among the accessions:

From Miss Helen C. McCleary, a collection of books, pamphlets, and manuscripts from the library of her father, Samuel Foster McCleary (1822-1901), for many years a Resident Member of the Society, including forty-three volumes relating to Napoleon, and ten scrapbooks kept by Mr. McCleary in the 40's.

From Mrs. Mary Baury (Jackson) Rathbone, an account book of Hugh Hall, Esq., a merchant of Boston, kept from 1728-1733, with entries of the sale of negroes sent here from the Barbadoes.

From Mr. Dowse, his certificate of appointment by Governor Calvin Coolidge, May 15, 1920, to be the representative of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts at the Pilgrim Tercentenary Celebrations in England.

From William Farley Brewster, of Chicago, Illinois, a photostat of a letter of Sarah W. Sibley to her husband, dated at Detroit, February 13, 1822.

From Captain Philip Leach, U.S.N., a photostat of the letters patent, granted on April 13, 1797, to Caleb Leach of Plymouth, for invention of machinery for boring and finishing wooden conduit pipes.

From Mrs. Josiah B. Millet (Emily A. McCleary), on deposit, a book kept by her father, Samuel Foster McCleary (1822-1901), containing engravings and manuscript and printed material relating to his Class of 1841 at Harvard College.

The Cabinet-Keeper reported the following accessions:

From Miss Helen C. McCleary, a number of photographs, engravings and relics relating to Napoleon; two oil portraits, one of her grandfather, Samuel Foster McCleary (1780-1855), first City Clerk of Boston, 1822-1852, and the other of her father, Samuel Foster McCleary (1822-1901), second City Clerk, 1852-1883; a musket carried by her father while a member of the Independent

Corps of Cadets, which was used in the Peninsular War in Europe, and captured from the British troops in this country in the War of 1812; a photograph, taken from a daguerreotype, of the Aldermen of Boston, showing the first City Clerk standing by the side of Josiah Quincy, Mayor; engraving of John Phillips, by F. T. Stuart; engraving of Washington, by George Girdler Smith; a mezzotint of Washington Irving, by C. Turner; view of Boston Common, 1825; engraving of Battle of Bunker Hill; engraved certificate of the Franklin Statue, 1854; an album of photographs of royal families in Europe.

From Mrs. Mary Baury (Jackson) Rathbone, of Washington, D. C., badges of the Loyal Legion of the United States; of the Veterans of Farragut, inscribed to Samuel Jackson, 1861-65; of the Aztec Club, founded in the City of Mexico in 1847 by officers of the United States Army of Occupation; a medal of the Aztec Club, struck to commemorate its 50th Anniversary, October 13, 1897; medal of the Society of Colonial Wars, struck to commemorate the 150th Anniversary of the Capture of Louisburg, June 17, 1745; and various articles used by Lieut. Frederick Baury, U.S.N., on the *Reindeer*, and by the Baury family.

From Dr. J. Collins Warren, an engraving of Mrs. Roger Morris (Miss Mary Philipse), by J. Rogers.

From the Selectmen of Swansea, the service medal of the town in the Great War.

From the Pilgrim Tercentenary Commission, two bronze seals, one reproducing the seal of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and the other that of the Plymouth Colony, set in milestones recently erected by the Commission on the highway between Boston and Plymouth and Provincetown; photographs of two of these stones, in Plymouth, and in Quincy; three photographs showing the present condition of the shore at Plymouth, the proposed shore and memorial, and the proposed canopy; and a photograph of Cyrus E. Dallin's statue of Massasoit to be erected on Cole's Hill, Plymouth.

From Dr. Storer, the bronze Pilgrim Tercentenary medal of the Boston Numismatic Society, struck to commemorate its sixtieth anniversary.

Dr. Lawrence deposited, with brief remarks, in behalf of Miss Marion McGregor Noyes, of South Byfield, Mass., the original manuscript poem, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, "The History of Fortus."¹ 1813. It contains two pen-and-ink

¹ Printed in *Records of a Lifelong Friendship*, 1807-1882. *Ralph Waldo Emerson and William Henry Furness*, 1910.

sketches by William Henry Furness, Emerson's classmate at the Boston Latin School.

The Corresponding Secretary reported the receipt of a letter from Allan Forbes, of Westwood, accepting his election as a Resident Member of the Society.

Gabriel Hanotaux, of Paris, France, a Corresponding Member, was transferred to the roll of Honorary Membership.

George Gregerson Wolkins, of Newton, was elected a Resident Member of the Society.

The Vice-President announced the death of Professor Barrett Wendell, a member of this Society. President Lowell spoke of the long intimacy and cordial relations he had enjoyed with Professor Wendell and of the personal loss to himself.

MR. RHODES read as follows:

Of Barrett Wendell's numerous publications I shall speak of only four: *English Composition*, published in 1891, is invaluable for any writer in that it furnished useful generalizations of what in most books of rhetoric are isolated examples. Given to the world when he was thirty-six, it shows much thought and the turning over in his mind of what had occurred to him in ten years of teaching at Harvard College. He was full of the subject and went to Augustus Lowell, then Trustee of the Lowell Institute, and asked him would he not like a course of lectures on the theme on which his mind dwelt. The result was eight lectures delivered at the Lowell Institute during November and December, 1890, printed afterwards in a little book which has undoubtedly been good training for many writers.

Nine years later he published *A Literary History of America*. No one who writes on contemporary literature or history can hope to escape criticism. So Wendell found it. Giving full vent to his powers of wit and sarcasm he offended some people to whom he would fain have avoided giving offense. But he seemed himself to see things so clearly that he must express himself with plainness no matter whom it hit.

His kindness of heart, however, was great. I remember that when Lichtenberger, one of the exchange French professors, was here, he, Wendell, Judge Grant, and I were going to take luncheon together. On the day arranged for, I was called up

early on the telephone and received the word that Lichtenberger's daughter had died suddenly in Paris and he was overwhelmed with grief. I sent word at once to Wendell, who came immediately to see me, and said that he would seek Lichtenberger at the Colonial Club and ask him to stay at his house for the few days before embarking for France as, Wendell continued, the poor fellow will want in his hour of distress some other environment than a Club. He saw Lichtenberger, secured his passage home and, as the Parisian could not speak English, he devoted himself to him for the day in arranging the little matters necessary for a change in his date of sailing. And Lichtenberger was no intimate friend but one whom he had scarcely known in France and whose acquaintance had been made while at Cambridge. I was told that such acts of kindness were of frequent occurrence with Wendell.

To return to *A Literary History of America* — if anyone doubts that Wendell was a thorough American let him read what he wrote about Washington Irving. His prose, he averred, has hardly been surpassed, if indeed it has been equalled, in nineteenth-century England.

His appreciation of our historians is apt. He spoke of Bancroft's "diffuse floridity of style," and of Motley's "sincerely partisan temper." Prescott's works admirably "combine substantial truth with literary spirit." Parkman's style finally became a model of sound prose. While gifted with a singularly vivid imagination he was too careful a scholar to risk undue generalization. Parkman naturally suggests this Society and Wendell's devotion to it was sublime. Rarely absent from a meeting, his record since 1893, when he was made a member, is one for his family to be proud of. Sometimes at home in an evening, instead of reading the last novel he would pore over the volumes of *Proceedings* so that he was well informed of the past of the Society. In Committee, or the Council, he was thoroughly efficient, and it was a pleasure to work with him, so well did he combine tact with positive knowledge.

Perhaps Wendell is better known by the *France of To-Day* than by any other of his volumes. It is a remarkable work, and when one reckons that it is based on the observations of a comparatively brief visit one is reminded of Tocqueville, whose

short stop in the United States resulted in his celebrated book. Discussing Wendell at one time with President Eliot, I said he seemed to me to realize in some degree the saying, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," for when I visited New York everybody inquired what Wendell was doing? Was he going to write some more volumes like his *France*? Why, said Mr. Eliot in reply, a man in China, to the manner born, last year wanted to know of me all about Wendell.

Missing one of his lectures on France at the Lowell Institute, I went to Cambridge, where he was giving their repetition. I heard one with intense interest on family life in France. Returning to Boston in the trolley car I fell into conversation with a gentleman who also had heard the lecture, and said that while Wendell's talk might not be popular it was absolutely true: he knew it, as he had himself lived in Paris for twenty years on intimate terms with French families.

To me, it seems as if his last book, *The Traditions of European Literature*, was the greatest. Too intense application on its final completion is probably why we mourn for him to-day, as we did at the crowded and silent Trinity Church. Apparently better when he went to Portsmouth in the early summer, the finish of this book so exhausted him that his disease made rapid progress. It is a great work and his analysis of Greek and Roman writers may well be regarded as one of his final legacies to posterity. The many appreciations of this book rate it highly and indicate what an intelligent consideration of classical literature still remains among writers for the American press. To those who must rely on their knowledge of ancient authors through translations this work comes as a thorough vivification and review.

From his many books it may well be perceived that Wendell was a bookish man: he loved study and he loved books. For many years a member of the Library Committee of the Boston Athenæum, he was constant in attendance and unrivalled in his choice of literature. This man was so universal in his taste, that although loving Homer and Shakespeare he could still see virtue in Mark Twain and he did not hesitate to point out that what Cervantes had done for Spain in his *Don Quixote*, Mark Twain had done for the United States in his *Odyssey of the Mississippi* — *Huckleberry Finn*.

Although a thorough student he was a man of the world and loved society. To mention only one of his many social activities, he was devoted to the Wednesday Evening Club. Almost always present, showing a courtesy that appeared to be traditional, he seemed to personify the saying that Civilization is manifest in two or three gentlemen in evening dress talking quietly together in a room.

MR. GRANT then said:

Like President Lowell, I had assumed that Mr. Wendell's death would not be announced until a later meeting, so I have made no preparation. But at least I can speak from an overflowing heart. There is no one outside my family with whom I had closer associations or whom I should miss more. We did not know each other as boys, but for more than forty years I have known him as a man. He was some three years after me at college, but we were both contributors to the *Lampon* in its early days. Our intimacy, of somewhat later date, grew as the years went on. He was ever the most loyal of friends; sympathetic and generous in his appreciation of others' efforts; so ready to give the best of himself when applied to. As one of his colleagues said to-day in regretting that he had seen little of him of late—"But one always felt that he was there!" Our literary tastes were a bond between us; and he often told me that it had been his ambition to write more fiction; but already his days were full with the development of composition at Harvard of which President Lowell has just spoken, and with the literary studies that won him further renown.

In outside matters we were not invariably in accord, but without strain upon our friendship. He had no sympathy with what we call modern ideas — especially of social justice. He could never see why because a man left a large estate it should be made to pay more and in a progressive scale than his who left less. As some one has already said — he was the last of the fine old Tories. He was an aristocrat in the literal sense of the word, he clung to the rule of the best. He had the courage of his convictions always, however reactionary they might appear to those who listened, and reflection sometimes proved him to be right after all. Nothing he said was commonplace;

he was incapable of the "bromidic." He had a quality of mental sympathy and understanding very helpful to others, especially those who worked under him. Two of his former students, men of note, have said to me to-day that he was the greatest formative influence in their lives.

Professor GREENOUGH spoke as follows:

First as an assistant, then as a colleague, and always as a pupil and friend, I knew Barrett Wendell from 1899 until his death. Our work together was chiefly in American literature, a subject which engaged much of his attention and exhibited his character and skill as a teacher with singular attractiveness. For his knowledge on all subjects was derived nearly as much from travel and conversation as from study, and the fullness with which he thus understood earlier New England, not to mention other phases of American literature, was to me a constant lesson in the insufficiency of knowledge derived merely from books.

When our acquaintance began, Mr. Wendell's position at Harvard was distinguished and in some respects unique. He had been an instructor in English from 1880 to 1888, then for ten years an assistant professor, and in 1898 he had been made a full professor. In 1891 had appeared his *English Composition*, which even we undergraduates felt had minimized the unattractiveness of that subject, though we did not realize how long it was destined to survive, in spite of the vast number of its rivals, on account of its apt and memorable analysis and its uncommon virtue of exemplifying the qualities which it recommends. In the same year, 1891, Mr. Wendell had very skilfully contrived to humanize Cotton Mather — a particularly difficult task at that time because the Mather diaries still had to be used in manuscript. Two years later, in 1893, had come *Stelligeri and Other Essays concerning America*. Not a few of us were attracted by the highly characteristic title essay of this volume, and thus came to a dim realization of what his older friends knew to be one of the deepest passions of Barrett Wendell's life — his curious and beautiful piety toward the Harvard of the past.

When in 1898 Mr. Wendell began to offer his course in American literature, he was, I believe, the first to present that subject systematically at Harvard. It at once obtained a well-deserved popularity, and occupied him more and more until, in 1900, he published his *Literary History of America*. Criticism of that book for its preoccupation with the writers of New England has never been lacking and is no doubt deserved; yet it treated many of them — even the greatest — with what their admirers thought scant courtesy and, partly on account of its very faults of proportion and of judgment, aroused some very useful counter-blasts and greatly advanced the prestige of its subject in American colleges.

Mr. Wendell tried only once — and then not quite successfully¹ — to write the history of a period. The history of a literary genre he never essayed: that was a kind of research in which he often expressed disbelief. Nor did the allurements of "classicism" and "romanticism" at all attract him. What he liked was personality in literature — particularly distinguished personality — and he sought it with less and less preference each year for any particular century or country. Herein lies one of several resemblances between him and his master, James Russell Lowell.

It was characteristic of Mr. Wendell to be intensely interested in subjects for a time. He would improve his lectures each year until he felt that he could not much better them; then he would usually publish them; and after that he did not much care about teaching that particular thing again. His gradual loss of faith in the teaching of English composition began not long after he had published his admirable book on that subject, and had become complete long before his death. Similarly he had, in 1896, taken the lead in devising a series of courses in which English literature from 1557 to 1892 was treated in units of about a half-century. These courses were largely taken and did a great deal of good. In 1906, however, Mr. Wendell, sharing with a few other members of the Department certain

¹ In 1902-03 Mr. Wendell gave the Clark lectures at Trinity College, Cambridge, and published them in 1904 as *The Temper of the Seventeenth Century in English Literature*. Though they left something to be desired, these lectures hardly deserved the severe handling which they received from the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Wendell believed the reviewer to be the late John Churton Collins.

doubts about the success of these courses, took the lead in abolishing them.

In spite of his widespread and often very detailed knowledge, Mr. Wendell had little sympathy with the usual programme of studies leading to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy; could not use German; cared nothing for sources; was never thoroughly familiar with the periodical literature of his subject; and rarely investigated minute points. In a prefatory note written for a book by his intimate friend, Professor John Hays Gardiner, Mr. Wendell spoke of his own "impatience of detail"; but this phrase (curiously echoing the almost identical words of James Russell Lowell) does not explain his antipathy to all that German scholarship holds dear. For Barrett Wendell could take great pains with whatever he thought worth while. He deeply admired the best of the French theses for the *Doctorat ès lettres* and often expressed the wish that he could do work like that of his friends Beljame and Legouis.

Though Mr. Wendell took little note of the needs of graduate students, he was eagerly interested in getting undergraduates to take a better Bachelor's degree, and his efforts to persuade men to try for distinction by the simultaneous study of history and literature were fruitful, and, in fact, did much to hasten the adoption of the present requirement at Harvard of a general examination for the Bachelor's degree.

His manner in the classroom, his ingenious and often deliberately eccentric diction, and the whole air and presence of the man, endeared him to many, though they excited the speechless rage of some. He was never commonplace: on that point his best friends agreed with his harshest critic. No book or lecture from him, no speech, even of the shortest, in Faculty or committee, but was marked by the full impress of an extraordinarily interesting and suggestive mind — a mind which detested the mysteries of the augur as it did the vulgarity of the barbarian.

Although the teacher whom I have thus endeavored imperfectly to summarize owed most of all to himself, he was deeply indebted to James Russell Lowell, with whom he had studied Dante and Old French. In a sense, Mr. Wendell may be said to have carried on some portion of the priceless tradition which is suggested by the names of Lowell and of Charles Eliot Norton.

It is perhaps not inappropriate, therefore, particularly since I cannot find words of my own at all fit to define the feeling of his pupils toward him, to close with some sentences (from *Stelligeri*) in which Mr. Wendell summarized his impression of Lowell as a teacher. "Here was a man who . . . found in literature not something gravely mysterious, but only the best record that human beings have made of human life; who found, too, in human life — old and new — not something to be disdained with the serene contempt of smug scholarship, but the everlasting material from which literature and art are made. Here was a man, you grew to feel, who knew literature, and knew the world, and knew you, too; ready and willing, in a friendly way, to speak the word of cordial introduction. There came . . . a certain feeling of personal affection for him, very rare in any student's experience of even the most faithful teacher."

Mr. LODGE sent, later, the following letter:

WASHINGTON, February 22, 1921.

DEAR MR. FORD: — To the grief I felt when I heard of the death of Barrett Wendell came the added pang that it was not possible for me to be present at his funeral or at the meeting of the Historical Society which followed on the same day. Wendell was to me a very dear and most valued friend, one of the nearest, one of those whose opinion, interest and criticism meant so much of help and support at every stage. He was by five years my junior and he was six years after me in college. I did not begin to know him until he had graduated from Harvard and our friendship began and ripened slowly through forty years until it finally became very close and to me at least of very high importance.

I was drawn to him first, I think, by his talk when I met him and then by his books, always so well written and with an unfailing originality of view and of thought in every one. It was a continuing satisfaction to see the steady growth of appreciation of his intellectual qualities which passed beyond the limits of his own country and found well deserved recognition both in England and France. A scholar in the finest sense, an inspiring and beneficent teacher, he wore his learning lightly and was always the most charming of companions. No one could ever have been wearied in his company. His work, his writings, his place in literature, will receive in due time the analysis and review which they deserve. In a few words written as these are in the hour of sorrow, it would be impossible to do them

justice for they demand pages instead of sentences. That which has been uppermost in my mind ever since the news of his death arrived is not so much the powers of his intellect as the personal qualities which made him so dear as a friend. I know what he was to me and as my thoughts travel sadly backward that which rises most vividly in memory is the sympathy, so comprehending and so unfailing, which always went out, alike in shadow or sunlight, to those for whom he cared.

He was the most generous of men in his recognition of the success of others and he gave it on his own judgment without waiting for the acclaim from the voices of the world. He found merit in the work of others in any field on his own motion, and when he found it never hesitated to express it. He was the soul of loyalty when his confidence and trust were once given. The fact that a man differed from him never led him to believe that he who so differed must be not only wrong or mistaken but also bad. He knew that the best of friends might sometimes differ if they were agreed in what was fundamental in the conduct of life. He was eminently just and those who knew him best valued his criticism next to his praise and his praise was a very precious reward to those upon whom it was conferred. He was entirely fearless and one felt always that with him one might be sure to hear the truth as the truth appeared to him. Very affectionate, with great tenderness of heart, he drew to himself a like affection from those who knew him best.

These are but stumbling and hopelessly inadequate words which I have written here as I am only too well aware, but they perhaps will serve as a brief, all too brief, record of my sense of the loss which has befallen this society as well as of the deep sorrow, the blank in life not to be filled which has come to me personally by the death of Barrett Wendell. Sincerely yours,

H. C. LODGE.

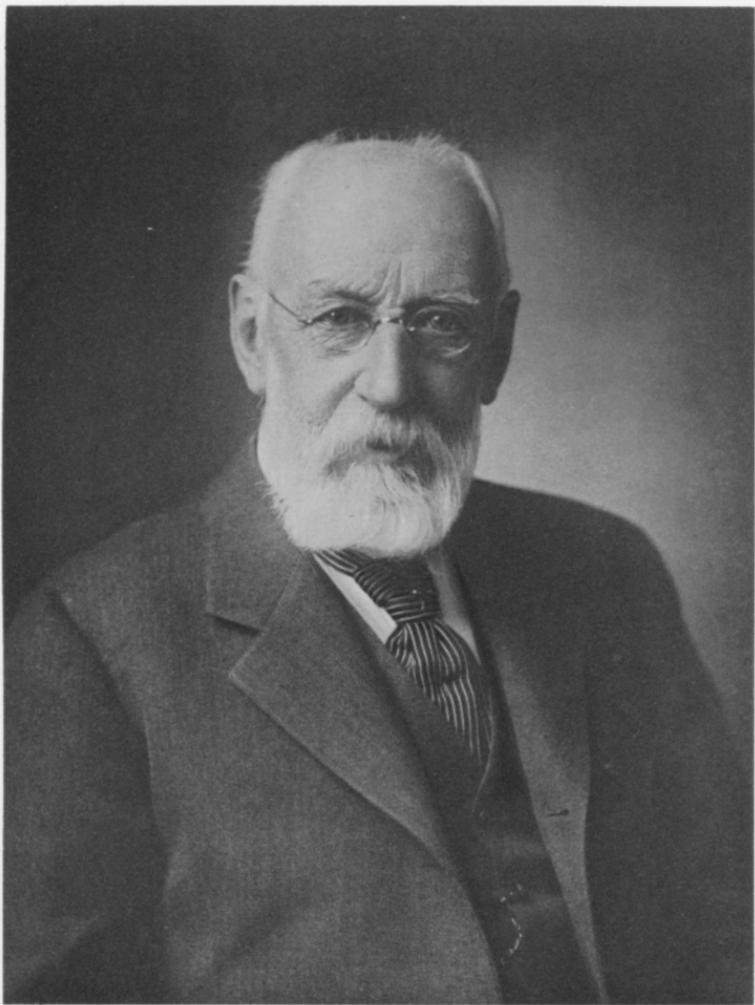
Mr. FORD read a paper on Joseph Jefferson by GAMALIEL BRADFORD, which has since been published in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

MEMOIR
OF
ANDREW McFARLAND DAVIS.

By WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

ANDREW McFARLAND DAVIS was born in Worcester, Mass., on December 30, 1833, and died in Cambridge, Mass., on March 29, 1920. He was the son of John Davis — Governor of Massachusetts, and popularly known as "Honest John" Davis — and of Eliza Bancroft. On both sides he came of old Yankee stock, that stock which settled and built up Worcester County and earned for it the honorable title of "Heart of the Commonwealth." He attended the public schools of Worcester, and was preparing to enter Harvard College when in 1849, his uncle, George Bancroft the historian, who had been Secretary of the Navy and was actually Minister to England, secured for him an appointment as Midshipman. Bancroft had recently established a Naval Academy at Annapolis, and evidently naval affairs were a familiar topic in the family.

Although young Davis had expected to go to Harvard, with probably the study and practice of law afterward, he eagerly accepted the appointment with the radical change of plan for his career which it seemed to involve. In an entertaining fragment of autobiography which he wrote half a century later, he said: "However much I had looked forward to a career at Cambridge, the pleasure of that prospect was more than offset by the visions of service at sea, and by the thought of calls at foreign ports; of the recognized social position of naval officers throughout Christendom, and of the security offered by a life appointment in government service." After spending a few months at the Naval Academy, he reported to duty on the



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Andrew M.F. Davis

Independence, which joined the Mediterranean squadron. For more than two years he served on the Mediterranean station at Gibraltar, at Naples, at Alexandria, at Beyrouth and Jaffa, at Trieste and Messina. In the hope of getting more sea-service and less of the tedious duty in ports, he transferred to the *Cumberland* and finally, having rejoined the *Independence*, he returned to the United States in the latter part of 1852.

One event which happened during his naval service, Mr. Davis used to describe in his later years. During the Revolution of 1848, Pope Pius IX fled from Rome and took refuge at Gaeta with Ferdinand II—"King Bomba." The following year he resided in one of Bomba's royal palaces at Portici. Some of the sailors and marines of the *Independence*, which was then anchored at Naples, were allowed to pay their respects to His Holiness, who received them benignly. Davis describes Pius thus: "The Pope received us standing in the center of the room. He had on a white woolen cassock, not altogether fresh or clean in appearance, having on the right side where there was a slit for entrance to the pocket in which he evidently carried a snuff-box, signs of frequent use of the pocket. Our purser bearing the bladder of snuff in his hands first approached the Pope, and good Catholic as he was fell upon his knees before the leader of his Church and bowed his head to kiss the cross on the Pope's slipper. This ceremony was not exacted from the rest of us, but the right hand of the Pope bearing his signet ring was extended and we were expected to bow our heads as we passed and go through a nominal osculatory process. With this was ended our interview with the good-natured, well-rounded, essentially-Italian gentleman who, even in flight, retained his position as the head of the Roman Catholic Church. The offering of snuff which the purser bore to the Pope was a supply of Maccoboy which the Pope gladly received knowing well its rarity and its excellence."

On returning to America young Davis decided that he had had enough of naval life. He had enjoyed it, especially the opportunity it gave for visiting strange places and people, but the long stretches of monotony and the tedium of its routine evidently palled upon his active and inquiring nature. So he resolved to make the land and not the sea the field of his life work. Accordingly, he enrolled at the Lawrence Scientific

School of Harvard and took up the branch of engineering. He received the degree of S.B. in 1854, and in the following year he worked temporarily on the Lexington and Big Sandy Railroad. As a volunteer he was also in Wisconsin. In 1856 he received an appointment as a civil engineer on the Mobile and Ohio road, with headquarters at Rienzi, Mississippi. He has left an interesting account of his life in Mississippi and Georgia before the Civil War, amid conditions which have long since passed away.

On his return to Worcester he read law and was admitted to the Bar in 1859. Trouble with his eyesight delayed him for a while. On October 23, 1862, he married Miss Henrietta Parker Whitney, of a family long established in Worcester County, from which sprang Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin. Removing to New York City, Mr. Davis took up law in the office of his oldest brother, John C. B. Davis (Harvard, 1840), who was counsel for the Erie Railroad Company. Through his influence, Andrew was subsequently employed as General Freight Agent of the Erie Railroad, and, with his usual energy, he reorganized the Department and is said to have made the first freight schedule used in the United States. But the Erie Railroad fell into the hands of Jay Gould and Jim Fiske, Jr., whose methods did not satisfy his standards of probity, and he retired from the Erie. A short period of uncertainty followed for Mr. Davis, who pursued his legal work, and then he was drawn to California, where he went with his family in 1871.

His brother Horace (Harvard, 1849) was a member of a flour milling firm, which Andrew joined, and for more than ten years he adapted himself to the profession of manufacturer with success. He was not content with money-making alone, however, but devoted himself to civic work; was President of the Board of Education in San Francisco, and, on one of the occasions when the hoodlums of the city disturbed public safety, he enlisted with other reputable citizens and formed a committee to patrol and put down lawlessness. In 1882, he came East for educational advantages for his family, and settled in Cambridge. He intended, at first, to spend only a year there, but the state of Mrs. Davis's health, and a crisis in his business in San Francisco, led to his staying permanently in Cambridge. Until 1885, however, he returned several

times to San Francisco, to close up his business affairs. In 1888 he built the residence at No. 10 Appleton Street, which was Mr. Davis's home for the rest of his life.

Henceforth, Mr. Davis gave up active business, except for a while when he was Vice-President of the Prudential Fire Insurance Company. He engaged in antiquarian pursuits, for which he showed a remarkable aptitude, and, during the next quarter of a century he contributed many papers and studies to learned societies. In an autobiographic fragment he wrote an account, which I quote, of the way in which he was led into this work.

In 1882, I was temporarily boarding with my family on Divinity Avenue, and one day I met, near my temporary residence, Col. T. W. Higginson. He said to me, "You are having a vacation now and have nothing especial to occupy your time. You are a fellow-member of the Antiquarian Society and ought to avail yourself of this opportunity to prepare a paper to be read before the Society. Come with me and I will introduce you to a gentleman who will give you a subject for your paper and will set you at work." With that he led me to the Peabody Museum, where in the far-off corner of a large room in the third story, Lucien Carr, to whom he introduced me, was at work. Mr. Carr was at that time an assistant curator of the Museum, and was engaged upon his paper on the Mound Builders, a paper which was published by the Kentucky Geological Survey and which brought him not only world-wide reputation but also honorary membership in numerous literary societies in Europe. His official connection with the Museum permitted him to take out from the library such books as he might wish to use and to keep them so long as the exigencies of his research required. His special interest was our native races, and in making his study of the Mound Builders he had collected and had on hand at that time a great number of books treating in one way or another of our Indians.

Mr. Carr received us with great cordiality and when told the object of our mission, not only suggested several subjects, which he thought worthy of special research, but also invited me to make my headquarters in his room, where he would have a table placed and where I could have access to the books which he had from the library, among which were a number which I should certainly wish to examine if I should conclude to investigate any of the subjects suggested by him.

Among the subjects thus suggested was The Journey of Moncacht-Ap  . This for various reasons was attractive and it did not take long for me to decide that I would take a preliminary survey of the field covered by a research as to the probability of the story, before finally committing myself to the work. A brief investigation satisfied me that Mr. Carr had furnished me with a topic full of interest, containing several recondite points which if they could not be positively settled, might nevertheless be so far elucidated as to make their decision at any rate probable. I therefore accepted his invitation to join forces with him at the Museum and avail myself of the books bearing upon the topic which he had taken from the library and of which he then retained possession. Mr. Carr's hospitality did not end with thus furnishing a topic, a place for work and some of the books, an examination of which was essential. It was his custom to note in a commonplace book the references to the various subjects connected with Indian life, in which he was specially interested. Among these points was the possibility of intercommunication between tribes separated from each other by long distances. It was obvious that for Moncacht-Ap   to go on the one hand to Niagara and the Bay of Fundy, and on the other to cross the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, a considerable amount of freedom was required for the passage through the numerous tribes occupying the intervening territory, and on this subject he had collected some references, which he placed at my command.

The generosity of Mr. Carr in thus furnishing me a subject, in indicating the sources to be investigated, in furnishing access to a portion of these authorities and in pointing out a method of investigation was fully appreciated by me, and doubtless was of distinct value in the research which then followed. I was soon, however, obliged to transfer my work to the stack, where were to be found the greater part of the volumes to be consulted and where I very soon ran down the two endings of the story, the one given by Le Page — the other by Dumont. The question of motive for these differences lay in abeyance until one day Mr. Winsor, in passing said to me, "Have you looked at that book?" pointing to one in a portion of the stack which was devoted to volumes not likely to be examined by me in a topical research on a subject connected with the native races. Upon examination of this book I found evidences of a partisan controversy between Le Page and Dumont, which would furnish the controversialists with a possible motive for misrepresentation and perhaps for falsification.

The paper on the Journey of Moncacht-Ap   was read before the Antiquarian Society at the April meeting, 1883, and was doubtless the cause for Mr. Winsor's asking me to write the chapter on Canada

and Louisiana, which was published in the fifth volume of the *Narrative and Critical History of America*, and was followed at a later date by the chapter on "The Indians and Border Warfare in the Revolution," in the same work.

I take this mongraph on the travels of Moncacht-Apé as the starting point of my research work, notwithstanding the fact that I had already published several papers in San Francisco, because from that time forward, my work was almost exclusively in the field of American history and was mainly devoted to topical research in Massachusetts. An immediate outcome of the Moncacht-Apé paper was, a paper on Indian Games, the notes upon which the same was based, having been taken while making the study of the volumes necessarily examined while covering the ground for that paper.

A paper entitled "The Historical Study of Law's System" was an outcome of the chapter on "Canada and Louisiana." I was much interested in the settlement work undertaken by Law's company in Louisiana and was led to make an investigation of the formation of the Company. This investigation ultimately comprehended the financial and economic features of Law's scheme, and a description of the formation of the Company was included in this chapter, which was undoubtedly disproportionately large for the touch of the Law Company with Louisiana affairs. The attention of Professor Dunbar was called to it while it was still in proof, and he said to me: "To write that account involved a good deal of study. You ought to take advantage of it and write a fuller account for the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*." As I was deeply interested in the subject I accepted the proposition.

The Chapter in the *Narrative and Critical History of America* entitled Border Warfare in the Revolution was printed in 1888, and I had then been living in Cambridge about three years. The investigation demanded for that paper took me a good deal of the time to the Library, and I met Mr. Winsor frequently. He called my attention one day to some Dunster papers which the College had recently received, from which I extracted some subjects for communications to the Antiquarian Society and the examination of which led to an examination on my part of the early books of records of Harvard College. President Eliot, who knew what I was then doing, said to me one day, "I wish you would find out where the first college building stood." Although I never made any specific effort to settle that question, I was able to point out the entry in the 1654 Inventory which approximately denotes that spot, and found material for several papers on the early college buildings and on the records.

While engaged in this work I occasionally met Professor Dunbar. One day he asked me if I had run across any papers relating to the Land Bank of 1740. At that time I had never heard of it. He said it was alluded to and briefly described in a history of Abington and that he thought that there were a good many papers in the Massachusetts Archives relating to the subject. Following up this suggestion I looked in the Archives and found a wealth of material on the subject. As I was deeply interested in it, I at once set to work examining the papers. In 1895 I submitted a paper entitled "Provincial Banks, Land and Silver," to the Colonial Society, in which the Land Bank was described, together with the means taken by its opponents to prevent it from succeeding.

The study of the currency then in use, the familiarity with measures of value based upon the ounce of silver, and the inflation of values caused by redundant government issues of bills of public credit, brought me to an appreciation of the fact that I was probably competent to write an account of the currency emissions and the so-called banking experiments of the Province of Massachusetts Bay in the eighteenth century and I began that work. When it was completed I submitted it to Professor Dunbar. He kept it for many weeks and I concluded that he was bored by it, but when I asked him if he was through with it he said, "No!" When he did return it, he merely said "I congratulate you!" I found on looking the manuscript over a query as to whether one of my reference notes at the bottom of the page was not wrong. I looked it up and found that the correction suggested by him was needed. Hence I concluded that his examination had indeed been thorough.

It is interesting to note that all the persons mentioned by Mr. Davis — Colonel T. W. Higginson, Lucien Carr, Justin Winsor, Charles F. Dunbar, and President Eliot — were members of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Mr. Davis not only contributed several papers to its *Proceedings*, but was a frequent and animated participator in its discussions. He held very firm opinions and he was never backward or timid in expressing or defending them. Some persons may have thought him brusque, but one who knew him well perceived that a kindly nature lay behind his combative manner, and that his desire to be fair was uppermost. Mr. Davis was a most attentive host, and until his last years he entered with zest into the social life of Cambridge, and seemed not to lose interest in either public or local concerns. His wife died in the summer of 1900. They

had four children, all of whom survived him: Bancroft Gherardi (Harvard, 1885); Horace Andrew (Harvard, 1891); Eleanor Whitney (Mrs. Charles Robert Sanger), and Frederica King (Mrs. Thomas Russell Watson (Harvard, 1873).) Mr. Davis, his sons, and his sons-in-law were all Harvard graduates.

After Mrs. Davis's death Mr. Davis spent five summers in Europe with his eldest daughter, and he kept up his antiquarian researches until almost the end of his life. Among the subjects which interested him was Chinese bank-notes, on which he wrote a monograph. Physical infirmity overtook him about 1917, but he remained a keen and vigorous talker to the end. He died in Cambridge, March 29, 1920, three months after his eighty-sixth birthday. Since 1906, when he built a cottage at York Harbor, Maine, he passed his summers at that resort, and greatly enjoyed the genial companionship which he found there.

Mr. Davis was elected a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1898. He was a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; a member of the American Antiquarian Society; a founder of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, and of the Cambridge Society. To the journals of all these Societies he contributed papers. He published several monographs and books, viz. *Currency and Banking in the Province of Massachusetts Bay*, 1900; *Facts Relating to the Currency of Massachusetts Bay*, 1902; *The Confiscation of John Chandler's Estate*, 1903; *Colonial Currency Reprints*, in four volumes (Prince Society); *The Origin of the National Banking System*, 1910; and *Certain Old Chinese Notes or Chinese Paper Money*, 1915.